two important means of relief for the misery of the present time; but these both are still in their commencement, as yet only in their ascent.

May the first become more and more organized by wise governments, and thus be the means of infusing fresh air and fresh life into dwellings and into human souls rendered pestilent by swarming crowds and by want! And may the latter continue to develop themselves, and to extend into all countries, healing the wounds of humanity; and, as they advance, preparing the people to make their lives that universal sacrifice of praise which, says the youngest prophet of the Old Testament, shall one day ascend to heaven from all people on the face of the earth!

Institutions similar to that of Kaiserswerth have, within the last twenty years, silently arisen under various forms, and in numerous places of Germany and other countries. There are no longer, as formerly, secret orders and societies; but free associations between Christian-minded men and women for the instruction and the support of fallen or necessitous fellow-creatures. Of this class are Elizabeth's Hospital, at Berlin; the institution for poor scholars, at Bruggen; the one at Weimar, for destitute children, established by Joannes Falk; and another at Düsseldorf, by the brothers Adelbert and Werner von der Recke Vollmerstein, established immediately after the war, for the children whom it had left orphans; Martin's Institution, at Erfurt; the Rauche Haus, at Hamburgh; Amalie von Sieveking's excellent Society of Ladies, in the same city, and many other associations and establishments of a similar character, testify that this new Christian life is vigorous in Germany. To them may be added the Gustavus Adolphus Societies, which are extending more and more over the whole of Germany, and which are the most beautiful living monuments which a great nation could raise to the hero king who conquered and who died in the cause of her spiritual freedom.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

All who have lived in the world long enough to attain any degree of maturity; long enough to lay plans, and found expectations and hopes upon these plans, have learned by experience that disappointment, in a greater or less degree, is the lot of all. It is true, there is a vast difference in the fortunes of mankind; for, while some are in the main successful, and experience vexations in the less important affairs of life only, others seem born to be, as Shakspeare expresses it, "the footballs of fortune," tossed to and fro continually. And not only is there a difference in the amount of misfortune which they are doomed to contend with, but there is also a great difference in the effect which disappointment produces upon different minds. Some sink paralyzed under its power, and remit all effort; while it only rouses others to more active exertions, seeming to create new energies to meet new emergencies. These remarks, however, apply more particularly to the disappointments of active life, and, as such, fall of course mostly upon men: the disappointments of the gentler sex are more frequently those of the affections, and therefore less apparent to observation and discussion, but perhaps not less difficult to bear on that account. Indeed, the very necessity which exists with all delicate minds for concealing such sorrows as far as possible, only adds to their poignancy. Disappointments of this kind are not unfrequent in the early life of woman, and their effects upon her are also various. With some it is a mere wounding of vanity and womanly sensibility, which is of course but a temporary grief; while with others it is the destruction of hopes long cherished and dear, the rending of which is like uprooting the foundations of life itself. But let not my unpracticed pen stray upon that ground which has been consecrated by the immortal author of the "Sketch Book." Besides, it is not of "broken hearts" that I wish to write; but the object of my humble tale is to show that such disappointments, even in hearts of exquisite delicacy and sensibility, may not only be often overcome, but that, like much of the discipline sent by our kind heavenly Father, they may in the end prove to have been "blessings in disguise."

"Mary, my dear! had you a pleasant party last night?" asked Mrs. Benson of her daughter, as the two sat sipping their coffee at the breakfast-table, which was spread—not, gentle reader, in some luxurious boudoir, into which the morning light streamed through silken curtains, after the manner of most romances—but in the neat and comfortable, but by no means magnificent back parlor of Mrs. Benson's modest mansion on ——— Street, in a city which shall be nameless.

"Oh yes, mamma! a delightful one," answered Mary, with much animation; and, as she looked up and met her mother's eye, she unconsciously blushed. This blush did not escape Mrs. Benson's attention; for, though Mary possessed one of those transparent complexions through which the "eloquent blood" delights to speak, she was not in the habit of blushing entirely without cause. Her mother, as we have said, noticed the blush, but made no comment, though she mused for a few moments. At length she said—

"Were there any strangers present?"

"Yes, mamma;" and she blushed again. "Miss

Crawford and her brother, besides some others, whose names I do not recollect."

"And who are Mr. and Miss Crawford?"

"Oh! she is a very pretty young lady, and he—yes, he," added Mary, stammering a little, "is quite handsome too. They are, I believe, the son and daughter of a wealthy gentleman who has just come into the city to reside. At present they are staying at the ——— Hotel, but they have taken one of those fine houses on ——— Street for a residence; and when they get settled, mamma," continued Mary, "I wish you would persuade Aunt Lucy to go with you and call on Mrs. Crawford. They seem to be very pleasant people."

"I will think of it," said the mother; and here the conversation dropped; which was very well, as it affords us a desirable opportunity to introduce our heroine (for such, in a limited sense of the word, we intend Mary to be) to the acquaintance of our readers.

Mary Benson was the only child of a lawyer, who died in the prime of manhood, about six years before the commencement of our story, and when Mary was twelve years of age. Mr. Benson was a man of superior abilities, well cultivated, and, had he lived, would doubtless have acquired both fame and fortune; but, dying before his talents became generally known, or his professional practice very extensive, and, like many men of fine minds, possessing no peculiar faculty for acquiring property, he at his death left his family comparatively poor. The house in which they lived, and a sum of money loaned on good security, the income of which was merely sufficient for their comfortable support, were all they possessed. However, being connected with many families of wealth and influence, Mary and her mother had access to more aristocratic society, as it is generally termed, and occupied a higher position in social life, than their limited fortune would otherwise have entitled them to; for in our republican country, where people profess to repudiate all aristocracy, the aristocracy of money often obtains the high places of social life. *Tant mieux.*

Months rolled on. Mrs. Benson and Aunt Lucy (one of Mrs. Benson's fashionable sisters) had called upon Mrs. Crawford, as Mary requested. The call was returned, and succeeded by numerous other calls, visits, &c. In short, the two families had become very intimate, and the young people were almost inseparable. As for Edward Crawford, the marked attentions which he had shown Mary the first time they met, and which, as we have seen, caused her to blush at the mention of his name, had been continued to the present time. If there was a concert or public lecture of any kind, he expected to accompany her as much as he did his sister; and from all evening parties, to which she often went without her mother, who was an habitual invalid, he seemed to establish his right to escort her as a matter of course. Many were the expressive glances, the significant words, and the stolen pressures of the hand, which seemed to declare as plainly as language could have done, his passion and his intentions. Therefore, though he had never spoken of marriage, all looked upon it as a settled thing, and supposed a declaration would come in due time. Meanwhile, our gentle Mary—for gentle and good she truly was, as well as highly gifted and beautiful—had suffered her affections to become strongly fixed upon him. She saw him handsome, intelligent, and highly polished; she believed him to be all that was manly, generous, and noble. Regarding him as her affianced husband, she loved him fondly, and looked forward to the future with unsuspecting confidence and joy. It was during this state of things that Mrs. Benson and Mary left the city on a summer excursion for three or four weeks. The morning after their return, and just a year from the first introduction of the parties to our readers, the mother and daughter were again seated, at about the same hour of the day, at the breakfast-table, in the same room. Again Mrs. Benson asked the question which she asked before.

"Mary, had you a pleasant party last evening?"

And again her daughter replied as she had done before—"Yes, mamma."

But though the words were the same, the meaning seemed totally different. There was a hesitancy about Mary's manner which contrasted strongly with the alacrity with which she had spoken a year before, though she blushed as she had done at that time. Something was wrong, thought the mother, but she said nothing. After a few moments, Mary added—

"There were some strangers there, mamma. At least they were strangers to me, though a good many in the company seemed to know them—Mr. and Mrs. Downe, with their daughter."

"Oh yes," rejoined Mrs. Benson, "that is the family of whom Mrs. Forbes was speaking when she called here yesterday. They came into town while we were absent, and live next door to her. They are said to be immensely rich."

"I dare say they are; certainly they have all the airs which vulgar rich people are apt to assume," said Mary with a petulance very unusual to her amiable and even temper.

Again her mother thought something had gone wrong, but she did not speak. That evening it rained, and it had been Edward's almost invariable custom, for a long time, to spend the rainy evenings at Mrs. Benson's, as he knew that Mary seldom went out on such occasions; but that evening he did not come. Mary seemed ill at ease, though she tried to sew and converse in her usual manner. Once or twice the door-bell rang, and she looked up with a flushed face and an agitated manner, evidently hoping to see him enter; but it was only a servant with a note or message, and her hopes died away. Reader, the faithless Edward spent that evening at Mr. Downe's, playing the agreeable to Julia with as

gay an air as he had ever worn. But we must go back a little to explain this change in the young man.

During the absence of Mrs. Benson and Mary, as has before been mentioned, Mr. Downe had come with his large family into the city, and taken up his residence not far from Mr. Crawford's. As report had said that he was "immensely rich," and as his family had all the appliances of wealth around them, their neighbors lost no time in making their acquaintance, and showering civilities upon them. Amid the straitlaced decorum and formality of society in our larger towns, a poor family may remain unnoticed forever; but even in this stagnant life, the coming of persons of unusual wealth creates a sensation. Such is the power of money. Of course Mr. Crawford's family were not behind their neighbors in making the acquaintance of the new-comers, and the young people were soon thrown much together. Julia Downe was a handsome girl—almost as handsome as Mary Benson—though infinitely her inferior in talent, education, and amability; and it was not long before Edward detected himself in some such train of thought as the following: "Julia is a fine-looking girl, quite as handsome as Mary, though certainly not quite so prepossessing; but then her fortune! I do really wish that Mary had a little more money. To be sure my father will give me something of a fortune, but not enough to support a family without the aid of my profession—and, to tell the plain truth to myself, I do hate my profession. (He might have added that he hated exertion of every kind.) Now if Mary had a fortune to unite with mine, I might live a life of ease and pleasure."

It was not long before this train of thought suggested the following: "Why cannot I marry Julia? I am really under no engagement of marriage to Mary." But here his conscience, though not very sensitive, gave him a little twinge, for he knew that in honor and justice he was as much bound to her as if a spoken, or even a written engagement, had been exchanged between them. Besides, he was attached to Mary, but, unhappily, still more fond of ease and money. However, when he had proceeded as far as this with his self-communings, it did not take him a very long time to overcome all his scruples, both of conscience and affection, and resolve to retrace his steps with the greatest possible haste. During this time, it may seem strange that, weak and unprincipled as he showed himself to be, he did not experience any anxiety with regard to the effect which his desertion might have upon Mary. But this seems to be an error into which men of his stamp naturally fall. They judge of other hearts by their own, and consequently believe that all the tender emotions are weak, and of course easily effaced.

As we have said, Edward had resolved to transfer his attentions, not to say affections, to Julia; and the absence of Mary enabled him to set about it with less awkwardness than he could otherwise have done. Before the return of the latter, he had made such progress in his wooing that any attempts to recede would have been met by a prompt demand for explanation on the part of Mr. Downe; for, unlike poor Mary, Julia had a father to maintain and defend her rights.

When Mary, who was quite unconscious of the change in her prospects, returned home with her mother, it seemed a little surprising that Edward did not come to welcome her; and when the day passed without his appearance, she began to conjecture that he was out of town. That evening she attended the party, an invitation to which she found awaiting her return; and the first object which greeted her eyes, on entering the handsomely-lighted parlors, was her truant lover, seated on a sofa beside a splendidly-dressed young lady, a stranger to her, with whom he was carrying on an animated conversation. When he saw Mary, he colored and looked a little confused in spite of himself, but bowed and smiled, without speaking or endeavoring to approach her. She, poor girl, was shocked, and, having less self-possession than he, could not so well conceal her feelings. She turned pale, and, for a moment, seemed as if about to faint; but, recovering herself by a great effort, she followed her hostess to another part of the room, and found a seat. It was a trying evening. Edward never once came near her, and she could not help seeing, or fancying, that many in the room were watching her countenance with a curiosity not very far removed from impertinence. When, after an hour or two, she was, by change of places, brought beside Miss Downe, and introduced, that young lady, having received a hint that Mary had once been a rival, and perhaps fearing that she might, by bare possibility, become so again, treated her with all the coolness and contempt which a person making *any* pretensions to good breeding could exhibit. The party at length broke up, and Mary was escorted home by one of her young cousins and his sister, and retired to her chamber, to shed, we must confess, some bitter tears of disappointment and regret.

The events of the next day we have already recorded. From that time, Edward came no more to Mrs. Benson's, and Mary, who grew pale and pensive, and seemed to have lost her relish for society, but seldom went out. In the presence of her mother, she made a great effort to appear natural and at ease; but it was only too evident to the penetrating eye of parental affection that she suffered deeply, though uncomplainingly. Meanwhile, no word or comment on the transaction had been exchanged between the mother and daughter. Mrs. Benson felt an unwillingness to allude to a subject from which Mary obviously shrank. One day, however, a young lady called, and gave a most animated account of a party which she had attended, the evening before, at Mr. Downe's. The rooms were so

brilliant, Julia's dress so becoming, and Mr. Crawford so devoted in his attentions, that everybody remarked it. She maliciously added that people thought they would soon be married; and, having given all this pleasant intelligence, and talked herself out of breath, took her leave. Mary, who had found it very difficult to control her feelings, the moment she was gone threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. Mrs. Benson could no longer refrain from speaking. She drew a chair beside her daughter, and, taking her hand in her own, waited in silence till she became more composed. She then addressed her:—

"My dear child, I have too long delayed speaking to you on a subject which has been much in my thoughts, as well as your own. I have for some time seen that you are unhappy, but a kind of morbid delicacy has prevented my alluding to it. You, and I must confess I also, are disappointed in the conduct of Edward Crawford. You, probably, and certainly not without reason, looked upon him as your future husband, and permitted yourself to become strongly attached to him. Now, without any justifiable cause, you find yourself neglected, and apparently forgotten, and you suffer cruelly. *My* disappointment is of a different kind. I am not so much affected by the breaking off of the connection as I am by the change in the man; or rather by finding myself so much deceived in my estimate of him. I looked upon him as a man of *one* character; he proves to be of a totally different one. It is this view of the subject, my dear Mary," continued she, "which I hope may enable you to overcome your regret. In giving your affections to Edward, you gave them to one whom you believed to be not only gifted and pleasing in a high degree, as he certainly is, but, what is far more essential, a man of honorable feelings and fixed principles. This he has not proved to be, but quite the reverse; since to nothing but the most sordid and mercenary feelings can I attribute this change in him. Learn, then, to regard him in this, the true light, instead of investing him with all the perfections in which your youthful fancy had arrayed him, and you will soon cease to regret the loss of one whom you have ceased to respect. There is another view of the subject," added the judicious parent, "which I wish to present to you; for, though we should be governed by higher motives than the opinions of those around us, yet these should have their proper influence. You can easily see that your manners and appearance are the subject of observation, and probably of remark. You must learn, then, to exercise such a degree of self-control as shall preserve the respect of others, as well as your own self-esteem; and in order to do this, you must try to feel differently; for, with one so ingenuous and unpracticed as you are, the manners must necessarily be influenced by the feelings. Were it practicable, I would leave town with you for a time, to give you the aid of change of scene: but, as we have recently returned, we could not go again without exciting suspicions of our reasons: besides, I have confidence in you that your own mental firmness and dignity will be all that are necessary. I shall not mention this subject again," continued Mrs. Benson, rising, "but remember that, whatever may be your sufferings, I must sympathize most acutely:" and, kissing her daughter, she left the apartment.

From this time there was a perceptible change in Mary. She no longer drooped, and grieved in silence, but exerted herself to banish painful recollections by interesting herself in what was passing around her. She read, she walked, she busied herself with her needle, and, when inclined to despondency, cheered herself and her mother by a tune on the piano. For a time, she wisely avoided general society, lest she should meet Edward and his now betrothed, and all her painful associations be revived. By this course of mental discipline and effort, she obtained such mastery of her feelings as to be enabled to control herself perfectly, and gradually her thoughts ceased to revert to the subject at all; so that, when she heard of the marriage, which took place in about three months, it was almost with indifference; and when, after their return from the bridal tour, she met the newly-married pair, (for she had begun to mingle again in the world,) it was with unaffected dignity and composure.

As for Edward, he was not a little disappointed, as the reader may suppose, when his father-in-law, after the marriage, handed him a check for five thousand dollars, hinting that this was all he must expect, "as there were so many younger ones to provide for; and the truth was, he was not nearly so rich as people supposed."

Poor Edward! it seemed likely that he might be obliged to have recourse to his profession, after all; especially as his wife replied, on his making some economical suggestions, that she expected to be supported in the style to which she had always been accustomed, having married a rich man on purpose. He took a fine house; but, as it was in a different part of the city from that in which Mrs. Benson and Mary lived, they seldom met.

Four years passed away, and Edward Crawford, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, produced by his own indolence, and his wife's extravagance, was one evening pacing his parlor with a moody brow. His wife, seated by the centre-table, read the evening paper. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Listen, Edward! 'Married, this morning, at church, by the Right Rev. Bishop ———, Hon. Henry Seymour, Member of Congress elect, to Miss Mary Benson, only daughter of Mrs. Ellen Benson, of this city.' Henry Seymour!" added Mrs. Crawford; "why he is as rich as a Jew!" Then, turning to her husband, she said, maliciously, "She has done as well as if she had married you."

His only reply was to snatch his hat and leave the room, closing the door behind him with a *bang*.